

To the most Honorable, and
more vertuous Lady, the Ladie
Helena, Marquesse of Nor-
thampton.



Adam, your friends send you
Iewelless, your tenants, the fruit
of their store, & your seruants
many good wishes, all of them,
in their kinde, being testimo-
nies of their loves and dueties:

I that am too poore, to present you with the two
former; and too ambitious, to supply my wants
with the latter, haue presumed, in an other
manner to expresse my humilitie, sending you,
not the riches of my exterior fortunes, but the
fruite and issue of my braine, in the begetting
whereof, I wasted much pretious time. Your
Honor, in accepting it, shall expresse more true
countie, then I, in writing, can expresse duty,
though it be all the scope I leuell at. The Lord
haue you in his protection, and send you many
happy New-yeeres.

Your dutifull and deuoted
Seruant,

Thomas Scott. R



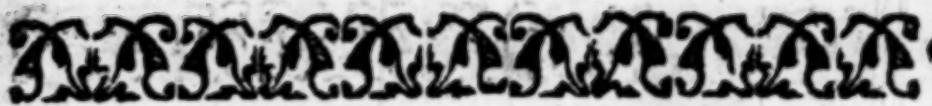


Or base intrusion, nor the hope of Gaine,
Nor Adulation, nor Vaineglorious pride,
Nor th' idle fancie of a fuming braine,
Nor any ill affected cause beside.
Begat these Lines; but true respectiue Love,
Which all good meanings, to one end doth moue.



Nor thinke these Rimes skum'd from the froth of wit,
Nor loosely bound; but written with aduise,
When my sad soule, did in true iudgement sit,
About th' inuention of some rare deuise.
When Contemplation fild my flowing braine,
And serious study did my sence restraine.





Even then I wrote these Lines, which shall bewray,
The faithfull meaning of my constant soule,
Which Time, nor obuious Chance shall weare away,
Nor Fate conuert, nor Soueraigntie controule.
For this is all the certaintie I finde,
No power can alter a resolved minde.



Artes irritamenta malorum.

Farewell vncertaine *Art*, whose deepest skill
Begetts diffentions, and ambiguous strife,
When (like a windy bladder) thou dost fill,
The braine with groundles hopes, & shades of life.
When thou dost set the word, against the word,
And woundst our iudgment with Opinions sword.



When thou maintain'st all errors, vnder shew
Of plucking error vp : and dost inable
The subtile soule to proue all truth vntue,
And lies the truth; euen God himselfe a fable.
Euen God, whom euery pore-blinde soule can see,
Thou proquest with seeming reason not to bee.





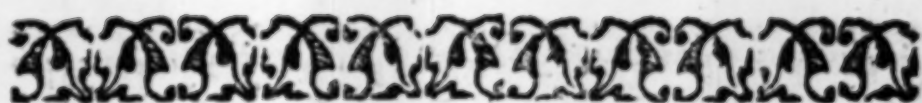
Full well thou shew'st thy *Author* from what spring,
Thy seauen *Hydrea*n heads proceeded first,
When our first father *Paradises* King,
For thee was then depos'd, and then accurst.
Accurst thou author of all sinne, all euill,
Knowledge, thou fruite of lust, child of the diuell.



Thou now instruct'st my milde and gentle Muse,
To rase against thine owne iniquitie,
And gainst the manifold vniust abuse,
Wherewith thou arnest foule impietic.
To *Epicurian* folly, actions euill,
Proouing thy selfe as subtile as the diuell.

Thou





Thou lend'st the guilefull *Orator* his skill,
To pleade against innocence, and to defend
The guiltie cause; thou turn'st the vpright will,
To fauour falsehood, and dost backward bend.
The most resolued iudgement, arming fooles
With dangerous weapons and tharp edged tooles.



Thou keepest the thoughts of man in endlesse dout,
Vnder a shew of teaching mysteries,
And lead'st the gazing scholler round about,
By Paradise of fooles, t'all miseries.
Thou teachest circles in a blotted scroule,
The whilst we loose both body, wit, and soule.

Thou





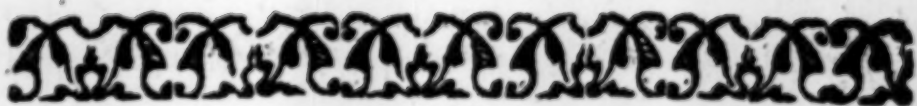
Thou maintain'st *Atheisme* and *Hereſie*,
Against our faith, our hope, and holy writt :
Impugning the moſt certaine veretie,
With ſhameleſſe bouldnes and contentious witt.
Religion is a ſcarre-crow in thy eye,
Not band of zeale, but worldly policie.



Thou doſt intice th'inconſtant wauering mind,
To lewde forbidden practiſes; corrupting
The puritie of youth whom thou doſt find,
Moſt tractable to good, ſtill interrupting
Vertue in all her courſes ſoule abuſe,
Which take away, and take away thy uſe.

Thou





Thou art like gold, gotten with care and thought,
Then brought to bribe the Iudge against the truth,
Or like a sword with all our substance bought,
To kill a friend: O thing of woe and ruth!
Who with this gold th'oppressed doth defend?
Or who doth vse this sword to saue his friend?



Th'art like the fire with which for glory sake,
The villane burnt the *Temple of Diana*,
Or like the tawny weede which gallants take,
In pride, and fetch as farre as rich *Gniana*.
Thy end is infamie, thy fruite is smoake,
With which the greedy taker thou dost choake.

Th'art





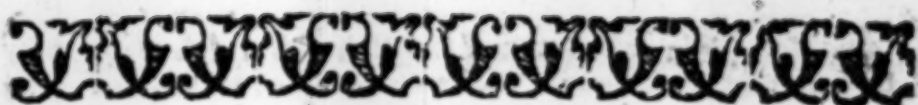
Th'art a Camelion, chaunging to the hue,
That's interposd, as obiect to thy eye;
For truth to say, in true men, thou art true,
In euill men, full of damned subtiltie.
The Bee sucks honny from thee: but the Toade,
With doubled force his poysoned bulke doth load.



For when a carelesse villaine sold to sin,
And dedicated wholly to the diuill;
Thy power, and knowledge of thy power doth win,
He therewith seekes t'approve and stablish euill.
Perswading both himselfe, and others too,
That what he doth, al wisemen ought to doc.

From





From hence my resolution growes, that I
Neglecting *Art* will vew the naked truth;
Whence my cleere soule with an vnpartiall eye
May best discerne the errors of my youth.
“ Truth can defend it selfe; we shew most wit
“ And learning, in defending things vnfit.



Grammer instructs vs to misconster things,
Logicke to wrangle, *Rethoricke* to flatter;
Arichmitick to tell our gould, not sins,
Geometry, to measure euery matter
Except our liues: Then *Poetry* to lie,
And *Musicke* teacheth vs all villanie.

Thus





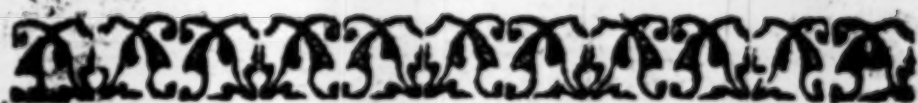
Thus like seauen deadly finnes these arts agree
Against the trueth, till knowledge of more skill,
Transport vs quite beyond all honestee,
Abusing wit, and ouerthrowing will.
Contemning counsell, and deriding faith,
Still contradicting what the Gospel saith.



O Art! not much vnlike the fowlers glasse,
Wherein the silly soule delights to looke
For nouelties; vntill the net doth passe
About hir head and she vnwares be tooke.
Thou common Curtizan, thou Bawd to sin
Painted without, but leporous within.

Th'art





Th'art a companion for all company,
A Garment made for euery man to weare;
A Goulden coffer, wherein durt doth lie,
A Hackny horse, all sorts of men to beare.
What art thou not? faith thou art nought at all,
For he that knowes thee best knowes nought at all.



Then farewell nothing something seeming *Art*,
I doe disclaime thy knowledge, and thy vse;
Nor shalt thou in these Lines haue any part,
Nor euer soile my minds true natiue Muse.
Farewell Lucifrian Art I will go find
Some better thing to please my troubled mind.

Finis.

*Ars omnis à naturali simplicitati recedit, in
dolo affinis est. Cic.*

THE ...
...
...
...
...
...
...

...
...
...
...
...

...
...
...
...
...
...
...

...

...
...

...

Furis iniuria.

What thing is that so huge? so richly clad?
So borne on great mens shoulders? kneeld vnto?
So graue in countenance? so sober sad?
To which so many Potentates do bowe?
And with submission yeeld themselues and lands,
Into hir powerfull and imperious hands.



Shee's holy, for Diuinitie attends hir,
Shee hath hir Chaplaines, and she goes to church.
Shee's well beloued, for euery man defends hir,
Shee's rich, for see how fast she gold doth lurch.
Shee's great, for shee keeps house in *Rufus* hall,
And makes all men downe at hir feete to fall.

B

See





See see, what troopes of people hourly post,
To pay her tribute, all the streetes are full,
Of hir base bond-men, who with care and cost,
Inrich hir seruants, and themselues do gull.
Sure I will be hir follower out of dout,
I may find clients amongst such a rout.



I loue her, for she helps to end debate,
Desciding quarrells, and expounding doubts:
Shee's not too prowde, for oft she leaues hir state,
To question and conferre with country louts.
She is impartiall, for she takes of all,
And plagues a publike sinne in generall.

A





All this is good, I like hir yet: yet better,
For she reuengeth bloud, maintaineth peace,
Shee sets at one the Creditor and Debtor,
Making apparant iniuries surcease.
She doth all right, she recompenceth wrong,
Shee helps the weake, she weakeneth the strong.



Besides, how many graue and ciuill groomes
Doth she maintaine, in wealth, in peace, in ease,
Giuing them seuerall Liueries, seuerall Roomes,
And all that may theit daintiest fences please.
Some runne about, some speake, and others iudge,
Some write, some reade, and euery one do drudge.

B 2

But





But see, all's marde, a pooreman doth complaine,
Of open wrong, doone by a treacherous slaue:
The poore mans cause she gladly would maintaine,
But see, the villaine shal the sentence haue.
Hir Officers, new-brib'd, do stop hir care,
And will not suffer her the cause to heare.



So sits she like the vertuous Emperor,
Old *Galba*, whom all men approued iust,
But that about him, vniust Officers
Abused his geratnes, to their priuate lust.
Their wickednesse was counted his: his good,
Was counted theirs, so valulesse he stood.

Such





Such doth she seeme, good in hirselfe, and kinde,
But that bad Officers abuse their trust,
And too and fro hir mightie power do winde,
For greedy lucre, and gold-getting lust.
The honest man oft begges, or worser, starues,
But he gaines most, that most from vertue swarues.

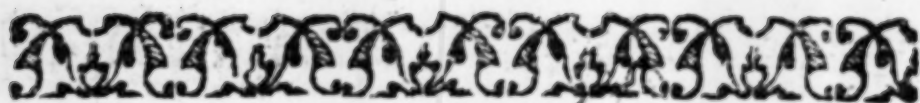


Better it were farre for the Common-wealth,
Her selfe were wicked, and hir seruants true,
Then for hir officers to liue by stealth,
Vnder the colour, to giue all their due.
So haue I seene the Lion part his pray
And from the weaker beast beare all away.

B 3

This





So haue I seene a paire of catch-poule theeues,
Leade a poore wretch to *Luds* vn lucky gate,
Like greedy bandogs hanging at his sleeues,
Without remorse, or feeling of his state:
So haue I seene a villaine hang-man be,
To many other honeste then he.



This warranted great *Alexanders* theft,
When he did al men wrong, throgh force, not right,
But this the weaker Pirate helpelesse left,
Because he rob'd but few for want of might.
O fie for shame, when that which should rule all,
Is growne the Lord of misse-rule in the hall.

O





O Law! thou cobweb, wherein little flies
Are dayly caught, whilst greater breake away:
Thou deere Experience, which so many bies,
With losse of time, wealth, friends, and long delay.
Thou endlesse *Laborinth* of care and sorrow,
Neere hand to day, and farre remoou'd to morow.

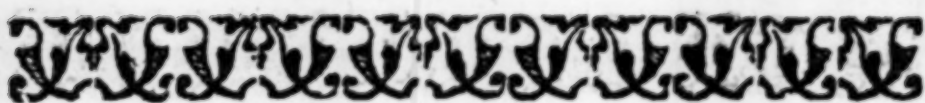


Thou sweete reuenge of crauen-harted hindes,
Who neuer relish lou'd society,
Nor barbour kindenesse in their currish mindes,
But harbarous beastly inciuality.
Thou nurse of discord, instrument of hatred, (tred.
Whose power with vice hath al the earth ou'e-skat-

B 4

Why





Why should we not be good, without thy aide?
And feare thy force lesse than deserued blame?
Shall man forbear to sin, being afraide
Of punishment? not of reproch and shame?
So Children learne their lessons, kept from meate,
So Asses mend their paces, being beate.



But man should beare a free vnforced spirit,
Vncapable of seruile feare and awe,
The guilty soule doth punishment demerit,
Because he is not to himselfe a Lawe.
Let men, like men, loue Virtue and imbrace her,
Let men, like men, hate Vice, the soules defacer.

In





In olde time, Iustice was pourtrayed blinde,
To signifie her strait impartiall doome.
And in her hand she held a scale, to finde,
By weight, which case did most remoue the Loom.
She still is blinde, and deafe, yet feeles apace,
Her scales now weyes her fees, and not the case.



Then farewell Law, thou power to make or marre,
I dare not trust my selfe for doing wrong:
Few rich do cleerely stand before the barre,
For Bribes haue rulde, do rule, and will rule long.
Farewell both Arte and Lawe, I will go finde,
Some better thing, to please my troubled minde.

Finis.

*Veri iuris germanaeq; iustitiae solidam & ex-
pressam imaginem nullam tenemus, umbra
& imaginibus utimur.*

Bellum perniciosissimum

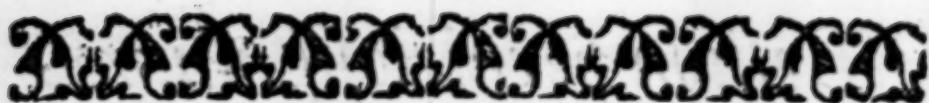
NOW Warre presents it selfe, O glorious war!
I doe admire thee, and adore thy skil:
Thou arte in earth another hopeful starre,
The chiefe profession of the wit and will,
In thee Religion thrives, Goodnesse doth flourish,
For thou dost Vice correct, and Vertue nourish.



Thou breakst the slender twist of childish Art,
Scorning the curbe of Apish pollicies:
Thou Lawe, and all Corruption dost subuert,
Orethrowing querkes, and verball fallacies.
Thou rootst vp euery euill which doth increase
Within the ydle raigne of drowisie Peace.

Thou





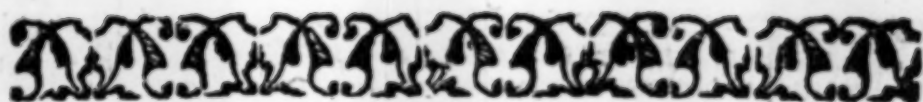
Thou exerci'st the Body and the Mind,
Which in the time of rest did bring forth weeds;
Bycause it could no good imployment find,
Nor answere fruitfull haruest of bad Seeds.
Thou mak'st the man esteem'd more'then his gold,
Though Peace doth that in far more reckning hold.



Thou teachest Patience how to indure
The skorching heate; and liner-freezing cold;
To fast, and watch, and pray, thou dost inure
The sturdy souldier, that's in sinne growne bold.
Thou dost temptations & affections slay,
And mortifies our Bodies euery day.

But





But ah! too soone thy cause of praises cease,
And fresh present-ments of thy cruell deedes
Makes men prefer an vniust prouling peace
Before a iust Warre that destruction feedes.
Which helps the brother to destroy the brother
And makes one friend to rise against an other.



Thou hast no mercy nor no iustice in thee,
To pittie, or to punnish any creature;
Nor teares, nor praiers, gifts, nor vowes can winne
To fauour any sex, or any feature. (thee
Thou art chiefe executioner vnto Death,
And like a prodigall, consum'ft much breath.

O





O why should men in enuy, pride, and hate,
In swolne Ambition, lust and Couetise,
Vsurpe the bloudy rule of Death and Fate;
Becomming one an others destinies?
Is there not sea inough for euery Swanne?
And land inough to bury euery Man?



Why should our ships so iustle in the deepe,
As though the waters were not large and wide?
Or our huge armies so vnkindely sleepe,
Their bloody weapons in a christians side?
Why should I trauel into skorching Spaine,
To meete my Death, when I may here be slaine?

Fie





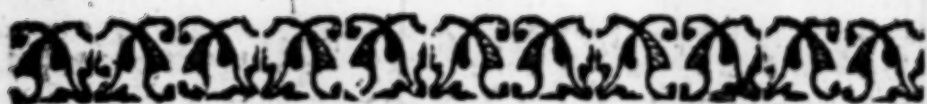
Fie that the priuate hate, or loue of any,
Should make me be a murtherer of Men:
And one Mans will should ouerthrow a many,
Such as himselfe perhaps far worthier then.
For oftentimes wee see it falles out true,
We kill our friend for him we neuer knew.



O bloody Warre, to th'unexperien't sweete,
That robst, and spoilst, and butcherest euery sex,
That tramplest all things with vpheaued feet,
And quiet states with ciuill broyles dost vex.
That saist, al, things are iust thou dost with might,
But to th'unable, there remaines no right.

That





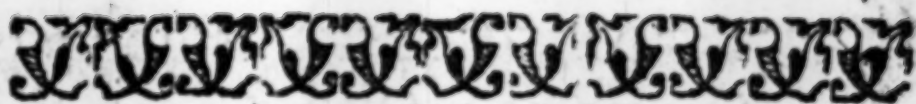
That like a wilful woman run'ſt aſtray,
In cauſeles Enmity and deadly Fude,
Hauing for thy director all the way,
That many headed beaſt, the Multitude.
Who without all reſpect of wrong or right
Will do as others do, or flee or fight.



That art the Inſtrument of ſterne reuenge,
Fore-plotted in the ſubtile ſkonce of Hate,
And ſeru'ſt the ſpreading wings of youth to ſenge,
A pretty drug to purge a gowty ſtate.
That ſwolne with poyſoned ſurfets, like to burſt,
Voydes vp thoſe Humors to preuent the worſt.

But





But as our priuate *Doctors* phisicke learned,
Kill more diseased Persons then they cure,
Yet thinke they iustly haue their wages earned;
Teaching their patient torment to indure.
Or as *Cyriurians* do more hurt then good,
When with small ill, they let out much pure blood.

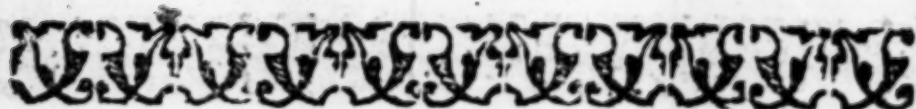


So these sword *Paracelsians* get such power,
That oft they stroy when they should cure the state,
And with confusion all things do deuoure;
Making well-peopled kingdoms desolate.
Much like a sprite raisd vp by Arts deepe skil,
Which doth much hurt against the Bookemans wil.

C

Euen





Euen as we see in marches and in fennes,
The carefull husband thinking to destroy
The fruitles sedge (wherein the adder dennes,)
Set's fire vpon some part, with which to toy
The Northern winde begins, and burneth downe,
Spite of all help the next abutting towne.



So Warre once set aflote, addes strength to strength,
And where it was pretended to confound,
The foes of Vertue, it proceeds at length;
Vertue, the state, and states-mans selfe to wound.
And like a mastiue harted to a Beare,
Turnes backe, and doth his masters bowells teare.

O





O you deepe master Polititians,
Conuert your stratagemes against the Turke,
And like to carefull state-phisitians
Gainst him apply this wit-begotten worke.
Lest Christian Kingdoms, growne too weake with
Yeeld, being not able to withstād his vrging. (purging



Let those that take delight in doing harme,
And sauage minded ioy in shedding blood;
With iron walls their guilty bodies arme,
And doe all rhings but onely that that's good.
For my part, I am yet resolu'd to finde,
Some better thing to please my trobled minde.

Finis.

*Non solum aduentus belli, sed metus ipse affert
calamitatem. Cic: pro lege Manil.*

Omnis est misera seruitus.

BVt staie: O rest thee Muse, and rest thee Mind,
I now haue found the icwell which I sought,
Whose onely good is in it self confind,
The sanctuary of the hopefull thought.
The port of safetie, and the happy Life,
Free from malitious broyles, and tedious strife.



Who list to draw himselfe from publicke throng,
And to conuerse with men of more regard;
Or feares the waightie power of others wrong,
Or seekes himselfe from enuious tongues to ward.
Or couets quiet, or eschues debate,
Or loues content, or feares leane-visag'd Hate.

C 3

Let





Let him repaire to Court, and in the Court,
(Like Iuie) cleaue vnto some great mans side,
Whose able strength his weakenesse may support,
And with his spreading armes, and shadow wide,
Protect and patronize his feeble youth,
And yeelde him needeful sap t' increase his growth.



So may he liue secure, free from the feare
Of publike malice, or close-creeping Hate,
And neuer dread the Sunne or Wind should feare
His verdant moysture and exalted state.
For still his Lord protects him with his bowes,
So he growes vp, euen as his patron growes.





O happy man, whose fortune t'is to finde,
This rare-ly-hare of *Bowntie* in the great:
Which sooner happens to th'illiterate hinde,
Then him whose braine the learned *Sisters* heate,
Because the man that's onely great in show,
Dreads other men his ignorance should know.

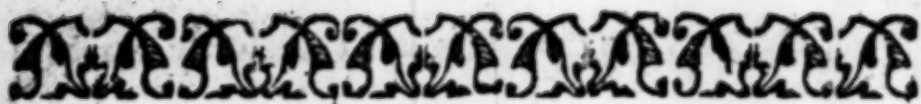


This makes the child of fortune to reueale
His thoughts to drudging bores, and shallow fooles:
But all his consultations to conceale,
From those that are not enemies to schooles.
For ignorance, like euery other sinne,
Loues still to liue vnknowne, and blind within.

C 4

The





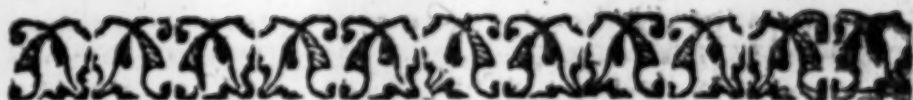
The honest seruant seekes t'amend his Lord,
And grieus to heare his wants theselues shuld speak,
But the base slaue, doth fearefully afford,
A jearing flattery with count'nance bleake
To euery word; and therefore is regarded,
When Truth is with suspect, and hate rewarded.



Base flattery, and double dilligence,
That thrusts their fingers into euery place,
That carries tales, and giues intelligence,
Of all that may their fellowes faith disgrace.
These are imploy'd, these come and go at pleasure,
Haue what they aske, and aske without all measure.

Hc





He that can these, shal thriue, and may in time,
Purchase large Lordships with ill gotten wealth,
And may from Yeomanry to worship clime,
(*Ill fare that Gentry so purloynd with stealth.*)
But other neuer may expect to rise,
For to their deeds he turnes his Argus eyes.



And doth perswade his Lord, that his whole care,
Is like a trusty Seruant, for the best,
His yonger sonne the better for't shall fare,
For at his death all shall to him be left.
The credulous Lord beleeueth his smoth conclusion,
Vntill too late he prooues it an illusion.

But





But when the trustie seruant stands aloofe,
Fore-warning these euent with modestie:
Exempling this with many likely proofes,
Of others craft, and close hypocrisie.
He is suspected of deceite, his drift
Thought a detractors fauour-fauning shift.



Fond youth, who dedicates thy pretious houres,
To do him seruice that neglects thy meritt:
And priseth lesse the mindes vnualueed powvers,
Then his, who only doth rude strength inheritt.
Fond youth that bind'st thy selfe to be a slaue,
To him whose loue thy seruice cannot haue.

O why





O why should I aime all my thoughts to please
One like my selfe ; or to subiect my soule
Vnto the vnrespectiue rule of these
That onely know how others to controule.
So *Asses* suffer, *Asses* spur and ride them,
So camels kneeld, whilst bondmē do bestride them.



But man that is freeborne, not borne a beast,
Should freely beare himselfe, and freely loue;
Where reason doth induce him: or at least
Where *Sympathy* of liking equall moue.
So I could loue, and feare, obay, and serue
Him, that I see doth see what I deserue.

For





For what auails it me to know so much,
If other wil no notice take thereof,
Or cannot well discerne me to be such,
As I do know my selfe, and yet will scoffe
At that they vnderstand not, and suppose,
" Not smelling, there's no sweetnes in a rose?



What boots it me to clime the starry Tower,
And fetch from thence all sectets that remaine,
Within that euerlasting blissefull Bower,
If I had none to tell them to againe.
*The soule would glut hirselfe with heauen I know,
If she might not hir ioyes to others show.*

It





It is a crowne vnto a gentle brest,
T'imparte the pleasure of his flowing minde,
(Whose spritely motion neuer taketh rest,)
To one whose bosome he doth open find.
So wise *Promethius* stealing heauenly fire,
In stones, the soule of knowledge did inspire.



O how I (least in knowledge, and in Art,)
Admire and loue an vnderstanding spirit,
And share with him my poore deuided hart,
Wishing his fortunes equall to his merit.
But since in seruice few of these I find,
Seruice dislikes my male-contented mind.

*Cum omnis est misera seruitus, tum vero into-
lerabile est seruire impuro, impudico, offemi-
nato, insulso.*

The resolution.

Then this my resolution is; I knowe,
All worldly things displease and vex the mind,
Yet something I must do, for here belowe
Our time to some imployment Fate doth binde.
Ile be a foole (for knowledge is accurst)
Chaunce makes that best, which Nature framed worst.



I am resolved to be a foole; to hate
All learning, all things else that do not please,
Great men of clouts; whose fortune raised state,
For some ill parte she crownes with wealthe & ease.
*So I (like Fortune) ignorant and blinde,
Some good fooles Fortune by desert may finde.*

Art,





d,
Art, Lawe, Warre, Seruice, Ile imbrace for neede,
To serue my wants, or to defend my right:
For otherwayes I purpose not to bleede,
Or waste my life by day, my wit by night.
But since my soule can nothing certaine finde,
I am resolved to haue a vvauering minde.

Finis.

Errando disco.





